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at about 330PM I asked for a ride into town & HLP drove me in. She also inquired if I needed anything from the store -- she was being very nice indeed, knowing that the Home Store is a good distance from Clay Mesa. I said that I needed nothing and so I was dropped off here. Five minutes after I got in the house Jean Colville telephoned -- she still has not found the missing key to the Estate, which she lost and which Ken is furious about. Ten minutes later she telephoned and said that she had found a Yale Key and wanted to try it in the door -- it was the wrong key, alas. She stayed for about an hour. I unpacked the 3 boxes I had brought in with me from the country. Jean explored in the dining room -- looking for napkin rings & candles. I cleared off all the cleaning supplies from the shelves in the south pantry and put books on the shelves. Jean watched. She is very distraught about not having found the key to this house and Ken is on her back, to say for the past month. Jean left. I began to "organize" my desk and was just about to telephone John when her grandmother called. She "yelled" at me for not calling her and for not visiting her more. It was a very cozy telephone call. She thanked me for her Christmas card and said: "I must say, your card was unique, but, then you are one of a kind." True. I don't remember exactly what I sent her but I do know that I attached some of those wonderfully old-fashioned Santa Claus labels to her card. My card pleased her & I do know that. In a world filled with generic products and generic people, who needs another generic Christmas card? Who needs another generic anything. I was on the phone for about 5 minutes with John's grandmother. When I regrouped I was in the process of checking John's number, which I seem to have difficulty in remembering, when my two-signal ring sounded. It was John. I was delighted to hear from him. He reported that